

9-2-1884

## Letter from Sarah Whitney, Boston, Massachusetts, to Anne Whitney, Shelburne, New Hampshire, 1884 September 2

Sarah Whitney

Wellesley College Archives

Follow this and additional works at: [https://repository.wellesley.edu/whitney\\_correspondence](https://repository.wellesley.edu/whitney_correspondence)

---

### Recommended Citation

Whitney, Sarah and Wellesley College Archives, "Letter from Sarah Whitney, Boston, Massachusetts, to Anne Whitney, Shelburne, New Hampshire, 1884 September 2" (1884). *Papers of Anne Whitney (MSS.4): Correspondence*. 399.  
[https://repository.wellesley.edu/whitney\\_correspondence/399](https://repository.wellesley.edu/whitney_correspondence/399)

This Correspondence is brought to you for free and open access by the Papers of Anne Whitney (MSS.4) at Wellesley College Digital Scholarship and Archive. It has been accepted for inclusion in Papers of Anne Whitney (MSS.4): Correspondence by an authorized administrator of Wellesley College Digital Scholarship and Archive. For more information, please contact [ir@wellesley.edu](mailto:ir@wellesley.edu).



I have been following Mother about from  
pillow to post with pen & ink till now  
with sly lograph in hand I have seated  
myself beside her in the pines to be food  
for mosquitoes & try to say a few new words.  
But it won't go - there are too many  
difficulties in the way - I can only say  
that she <sup>(mother)</sup> has had her drive round the  
square & enjoyed it so much that strength  
was found for this unusually long walk.  
A deer crossed the lawn just before we  
came & Julia is rushing round to see it again  
but in vain - Plague on the mosquitoes! I  
have killed four - & I am filled with  
admiration for Carrie's zeal for knowledge  
that has enabled her to <sup>at present</sup> pursue  
studies in this same academic grove  
as is testified by the big vols left behind  
when called upon to drive to Watertown.  
I wish my letter were more worthy of the  
day & the occasion - Pardon it my dear  
for the love that wld crown you with  
every blessing on earth & in heaven if it only  
knew how -

Within two days of Sept. 2. 1854 I turn  
to you my beloved sister with many vain  
wishes in my heart & undecided purposes  
floating in my brain. I certainly can't  
buy the Gates homestead for a birth-  
day offering, nor open a boarding-house  
in the lovely valley of the Androscoggin.  
Is it then that I am not a Quakerbuilt  
Shall I send you an empty purse? or  
will you esteem that "too mean for any  
thing"? I enclose with it "Mr Smith" which  
I have not read but which I have been  
told is very good. I must say I don't like  
the companionship I have found in the  
first hundred pages - Neither did I that  
of one or two of Thackeray's stories that  
are pronounced by the critics to be  
superlatively fine. If you find neither  
purse nor book acceptable I give you  
my note for something better one  
of these days! Will you accept it  
in the faith that "it's all right" or will  
be?



And so you disregard the Mentor's advice,  
& are plunging up the rocky pasture?  
Mother is sorry - but she assents verbally  
to my assertion that sorrow will not  
help the matter, & is apparently resigned.  
Forgetful she never is of what enters her  
ears - & astonishingly open are those same  
ears to matters that I seek to shut out.

Yesterday I went to Boston via Mr. Norton.  
& found Katy busy in the care of Ellen  
Balch's two youngest children & very anxious  
(almost hopeless) about their mother who  
has been very, very ill for many weeks. The  
last opinion of the last physician being  
that the baffling disease is "Bright's".  
Her death will be a terrible blow to all  
her relations. As she is in a sea-side cottage  
where the cold winds can in no way be  
shut out, the problem of how she is to  
be moved to hospital or home is one of  
fearful foreshadowing. Mariana P. was  
in the same car that took me to Mr. St. on

her return from a four weeks' pleasant  
sojourn in Magnolia.

"Bowls & pitchers" may be convenient  
adjuncts in picnician preparations,  
but I don't see how they may be made  
a finality - but I am glad to know  
that you are finding a imparting pleasure  
in a social way. Mrs. Livermore's  
visit must have been delightful. Who  
comes next? This is a radiant day  
following three cloudy ones in which  
the earth has been abundantly watered.  
I am wishing that my empty glass jars  
were within my reach to fill with our  
unusual harvest of tomatoes. It is  
said, that owing to a strike among  
the glass blowers there is a scarcity of  
jars in the market. We only know that  
Carrie has bought all that were to be had  
from 3 dealers in Belmont.